



Paralela

by

Alma Jaramila

Illustrated by

Esther Pineda

Produced by

Dr. Amanda & Carlos

Special Thanks: Amanda & Hugo

Chapter 3



Chapter. 7





It was arranged for him to attend a conference in L.A. at the last minute.

Because one of Mari's colleagues gave birth early.

May.













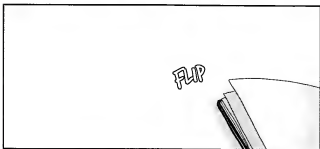






















I WANT TO
TAKE YOUR
PHOTO.

ON THIS
ISLAND

IN THIS
PLACE

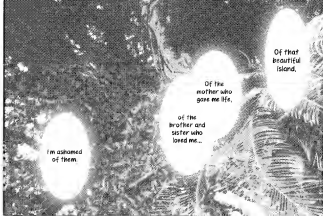
ONE MORE
TIME.













THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG
WITH YOUR
EYES.



YES,
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



NO,
THEY'RE
THE
SAME.



THAT'S YOUR
WISHFUL
THINKING!

LOOK AT
REALITY!



FOR A LONG
TIME, THESE
EYES HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO
SEE NOTHING
BUT YOU.

THAT'S
HOW I
KNOW.

NOTHING
ABOUT YOU
HAS CHANGED.





THESE
EYES.

THAT DAY, I
LOOKED UP
AT THE
FAR-AWAY
SKY.
AND FOR
TWENTY
YEARS, I'VE
YEARNERD FOR
THIS COLOR



...WHAT?



IT'S ALL
IN THERE
MAN.

AND
PRIDE.



IN THESE
EYES LIVE
YOUR
FEELINGS
FOR THE
ISLANDS.

REVER-
ENCE.

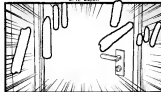
AND
LOVE.







SPIN SLAM





I had neither his
phone number nor
his e-mail address,
so I sent countless
letters addressed
to the research
facility...

But it was
unlikely that
they were
read.



wshh

The days
when access
to the outer
Island was
possible were
approaching.



wshh







THAT
GUY...!

YOU'RE
LETTING THAT
PERSISTENT
GUY USE
YOU...!



AN
AIRLINE
TICKET?

ANOTHER
BUSINESS
TRIP?
WHERE
TO...?

IT'S FROM
JOMH-KUN. I
THINK YOU
KNOW THE
DESTINATION.



IT CAME
ADDRESSED TO
ME, BUT...



IT WAS SENT TO
ME, SO I WAS AT
THE END OF MY
ROPE NOT
KNOWING WHAT
TO DO

THOUGH
GETTING THE
LETTER WAS
HARD ON ME, I
RESPONDED TO
MY SENSE OF
OBLIGATION.



IT'S YOUR
OWN FAULT
FOR
THROWING
AWAY HIS
LETTERS.

HEY, HEY,
HEY! DON'T
TEAR IT UP,
DON'T
THROW IT
AWAY!

OTHERWISE
THE POOR MAN
WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD TO
RESORT TO
SUCH
TRICKERY.

RIP



BUT THE
MAN
GOT IS
THIS...

WELL,
I'LL
LEAVE
THIS
WITH
YOU

I'VE NEVER SEEN
A MAN APOLOGIZE
SO SINCERELY, AND
YET YOU CONTINUE
TO IGNORE HIM.

I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT HE
DID.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT
HE DOES; I'M
NOT GETTING
INVOLVED WITH
THAT GUY ON
ANY ACCOUNT.

OH!

WHAT A
BUNCH OF
WORTHLESS
DRAMATICS.

FLAP



I'D LIKE YOU
TO READ THE
LETTER THAT'S
ENCLOSED.

AND THEN
YOU CAN
DO WHAT
YOU LIKE.

YOU'RE A
FOOL!

EH?

YOU--



IF YOU THROW
AWAY THE
TICKET AFTER
READING IT,

I'LL NEVER
MEEDLE WITH
YOUR LIFE AGAIN.

HEY...!
WHAT ARE
YOU—YOUR
SHOES!

WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING?



THAT'S
WHAT HE
WROTE.







IT'S
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT
FROM THE SEA
OF YOUR
BIRTHPLACE.

AND YET YOU
STILL CAME
HERE.



THE OCEAN
HERE IS
GOLD.

VERY
GOLD.



...



BUT IT ISN'T A
REASON TO
REPLUSE ZOMU,
IS IT?

THAT'S THE
REASON YOU
CAME HERE.

YOU'RE AN EC-
CENTRIC, BUT
A MARVELOUS
HUMAN BEING.

BUT SOME-
HOW YOU
AREN'T SA-
TISFIED.



HE'S WORKING
WITH ALL HIS
MIGHT, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND, MAN?
IN THAT RESPECT,
I THINK YOU COULD
STAND TO IMITATE
HIS OUTLOOK.

UNLIKE YOU,
ZOMU SEEMS
TO BE DESPE-
RATELY
TRYING TO
FILL THAT
VOID.

BUT YOU
BOTH SEEM
TO BE
MISSING
SOMETHING
...

I KNOW
ALMOST
NOTHING
ABOUT ZOMU.

I'VE SAID
A LOT OF
THINGS,
BUT...

WHICH IS
TO SAY...
WELL...

I WANT
YOU TO
LIVE A
GOOD LIFE.

YOU'RE
IMPORTANT
TO ME.

wahh

wahh

wahh

PLEASE
DECIDE
FOR
YOURSELF.

BUT IT'S
NOT JUST
THAT.







MAN...?

YOU
CAME...!



LET'S HURRY
UP AND GET
THROUGH
BOARDING.

HEY.



HUH?

...?

WHAT
ELSE
COULD
I DO?

THE OCEAN IN
SAN DIEGO IS
TOO COLD.

SERAPHIC
DEVILTRY

WE'RE CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR
AN EXPERIENCED **DUSTER**
WHO CAN EXCLUSIVELY WORK
WITH DETAILED CLEANING.

EXPERIENCED & COMMITTED
EDITORS - AND -
REDRAWERS

(someone who can uncensor and
reconstruct) are welcome too to
work with our future projects.

CONTACT US AT
SD.SCANNS@GMAIL.COM

